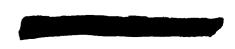
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MM 99-25

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Comments in the Matter of Microbroadcasting

#99-25

AUG 0 2 1999

Mrs. Diane Fleming 1115 Winton St. Philadelphia, PA 19148 July 29th, 1999 DOCKET FILE COPY ORIGINALFOC MAIL ROCK

I approach you a woman of fifty-five years, mother of three grown children and grandmother of two. My great concern at this stage is the future of our young ones, in particular, my grandchildren. We tell our children, "don't do drugs", "don't have sex", we tell them be careful, be good and be ready to accept the consequences of their actions. I believe with all of my being this is rediculous. This is simply not enough.

The time has come that we can no longer tell our children, our teens, our loved ones at any age - tell them we love them and want the very best for them always. This is not love. The world is changed so since the time of my young years. The dangers are great. There was a time we could rely on the mandatory "talk" in school where most conversation went over the heads of some and was laughable to others. There would always be the one who knew nothing and was desperately afraid to ask a question and risk ridicule; the other who thought he knew all and would never ask for fear of "not knowing absolutely everything". My regard for the unanswered questions is key. We must examine our consciences, our hearts, and come to some agreement as to the way to reach the minds of those who look to us.

Early, early, training is a must. We can no longer be judgmental religiously, morally, or whatever content keeps us from reaching the minds of our children. Religious tell us there are "words" that cannot be said - those certain "words". We must SAY those "words". We need not give them slang orientation. Our intelligence will prove the path to correct language. We are remiss in our effort.

On any given day, you can pass billboards that tell you "don't" - not this, not that. The only other plastered command you may witness would be - what you are to do if you haven't listened to the first billboard. Be careful - don't get "Aids"...the next instruction - the phone number if you suspect you do have "Aids". A totally average person am I, riding buses, spending time amid co-workers, loving my family. One could be content at my time in life to live simply. Not particularly feeling the warning labels apply to my life. However, I would imagine there may be people my age and of similar circumstance who need information.

When I speak of our children, this need not apply to simply five to older teens, this would include young adults. There are many who race in my mind to the top of the list and I wonder, do they know - do they know all they should. I know I don't and I wonder if they do.

I consider the young girl or young man who have made a conscious decision to go forward with a physical relationship. Are they equipped with the knowledge they should have. A young girl - "in love" and wanting to share all of her life, in the belief that her partner would cherish her equally - she is told-protect yourself - use a condom - protect against pregnancy. I rarely hear anything about other implications, such as herpies, diseases of all kinds and the resulting consequences she would carry for a lifetime. All we seem to say is "don't" and if you do, here is the phone number to call with your problem. This girl, or boy, as they are of the same risk, - do they know the degree to which they are committing themselves when they choose to physically reveal their feelings.

We owe them the right to information.

Let me tell you of a day when I was more proud of my daughter, Diane Imelda Fleming, than I ever was in my lifetime. I listened to her on the radio actually explaining in simple terms, in common sense language the proper use of a condom; the possible results of misinformation; the phone number to call to receive an answer to your questions. The latter being the most important statement I have heard anywhere in all of the sermons, lectures, scare tactics or threats to the vast audience of people needing answers. My daughter is a most beautiful person, loving, intelligent, refined, and entirely capable.

When I heard her that day over the air I knew she truly had the gift to be able to reach people in need. She was where she belonged. all of the world should have been grateful that she was where she was at that moment. I could not relay to you the extent of my pride.

I would speak to anyone, do anything in my power to see this position become a reality for Diane - for her to be able to service the public with such a necessary commodity.

Respectfully,

(Mrs.) Diane Fleming (Mother)